

You're a Horrible Woman

by Beliefiisms

Category: A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder

Language: English

Characters: Phoebe D., Sibella H.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-11 00:28:43

Updated: 2016-04-11 00:28:43

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:13:30

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 591

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: "You're a horrible woman," Sibella said. Phoebe took out some stationary from her purse. "I shall make a note of it in my letter to the magistrate."

You're a Horrible Woman

\_"What on earth are you doing on my front step, Mrs Navarro?"\_

Sibella Hallward Holland's blue eyes were wide with disbelief. There stood a young lady, in an ornate blue dress and coat, standing at her doorstep. Her dark hair was held up in a twist, her hat was so big it created long shadows over her face.

"Mrs Holland."

Sibella took a deep breath, trying to look imposing. "Yes?"

The young lady cleared her throat. "I'm well aware that you love my husband." There was no sense in being formal. Time was slipping from them, they both knew it.

Phoebe. Her name was Phoebe D'ysquith, Sibella reminded herself. Then, with hesitation, she corrected herself. Phoebe D'ysquith \_Navarro\_.

A tight line was made of Sibella's lips and she glared at the shorter girl. "What of it? Care to tell my husband? Tell him of my affair? He's not home now, anyways. So sorry."

The smaller girl shook her head. "That's not why I'm here, Mrs Holland," she told her in a stiff voice. She may have been short but she was just as imposing as Sibella wished she could be at that moment.

This took Sibella back. "What do you mean, that's now why you're

here? Isn't that what you're after? Revenge against me? Revenge for taking your husband's affections from you?"

"I'm here to save my husband, Monty." Her usually bubbly smile wasn't present. It was more of a sad sort of seriousness that was only donned in moments of contemplation or impending disaster. "I'm here to save the man you love."

Sibella checked both directions to make sure her husband wasn't coming home anytime soon and ushered Phoebe inside quickly, sure not to attract attention. "I don't know what you're planning, but I can assure you it won't be good," the blonde snapped hastily, shutting the door. "Monty's fate is sealed as far as we can do anything about it."

Phoebe shook her head. "I don't believe that."

"You know what the judge would do to us if we questioned it?"

"Surely not throw us out!"

"No. Worse. They believe that we, women, are too sentimental for our own good. They'll throw us out and say that we're over emotional at the whole event." Sibella spoke the truth. "They'll push us aside because we're women."

"Mrs Holland, you make an excellent point."

"Thank you, Mrs Navarro." Sibella so wanted to call her 'Miss D'ysquith' but refrained. "I see that you're plotting something, I would like to know what it is."

Phoebe's face was, indeed, deep in thought. "My dear, Sibella. As the mistress of my husband, it only makes sense that you believe that I, a fortune seeking, irrelevant woman in the line of succession, would kill and blame my husband."

Sibella hadn't thought this at all. "You don't mean that-"

"And as the wife of my husband, who has a mistress, it is in my jealous nature to accuse you, a careless woman, of the crime."

"I'm not careless," Sibella defended. "And I assure you that you're not fortune seeking." A light went off.

They stared at each other for a moment which felt like an eternity.

"You're a horrible woman," Sibella said.

Phoebe took out some stationary from her purse. "I shall make a note of it in my letter to the magistrate."

End  
file.